

The following was first published in 1448 and reprinted in 1641:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.

Waters shall yet more wonder do,
How strange, but yet, it shall be true,
The world upside down shall be,
And shall be found at the root of a tree.

Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, and shall talk.

In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green,
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.

Gold shall be found and shown,
In land that is not now known,
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England small at last admit a Jew,
The world to an end shall come in 1881.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARQUETTE

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, in April 1541, DeSoto, in his adventurous march, discovered the majestic Mississippi, not far from the southern border of the State of Tennessee. No white man's eye had ever before beheld that flood, whose banks are now inhabited by busy millions. The Indians informed him that all the region below consisted of dismal, endless, uninhabitable swamps. DeSoto, world-weary and woe-stricken, died upon the banks of the river and in its fathomless depths his body found burial.

These cruel adventurers, insanely impelled in search of mines of gold, found no settlements, and left behind them no traces of their passage, save that by their cruelties they had excited the implacable ire of the Indians against the white man. A hundred years of earth's many griefs lingered slowly away, while these vast solitudes were peopled only by wandering Indian tribes whose record must forever remain unknown.

In the year 1641, some French envoys from Canada, seeking to open friendly trade with the Indians for the purchase of furs, penetrated the northwest of our country as far as the Falls of St. Mary, near the outlet of Lake Superior. The most friendly relations existed between these Frenchmen and the Indians, wherever the tribes were encountered. This visit led to no settlement. The adventurous traders purchased many furs, with which they loaded their birch canoes; established friendly relations with these distant Indians, and greatly extended the region from which furs were brought to their trading posts in Canada.

Twenty more years passed away, over the silent and gloomy wilderness, when, in 1659, a little band of these brave and hardy explorers, in their frail canoes, with Indian guides, paddled along the lonely, forest-fringed shores of Lake Ontario, ascended the Niagara river to the Falls, carried their canoes on their shoulders around the rapids, launched them again on Lake Erie, traversed that inland sea over two hundred and fifty miles, entered the magnificent strait, passed through it to Lake St. Clair, crossed that lake, ascended the St. Clair river to Lake Huron, and traversing its whole length, a distance of three hundred miles, reached the Falls of St. Mary.

Here, at the distance of more than a thousand miles from the least vestiges of civilization, and surrounded by numerous and powerful bands of savages, these hardy men passed an inclement winter. Amidst rocks and gloomy pines they reared their hut. Game was abundant, fuel was at their door, the Indians were hospitable, they wanted for nothing. One event only darkened these wintry months. The leader of the band became lost in the woods and perished.

In the spring the men returned rejoicingly to Canada, with their canoes laden with the richest furs. They also brought such reports of the docility and amiability of the Indians as to inspire the Christians in Canada with the intense desire to establish missionary stations among them. Five years passed away, when Father Claude Allouez, with a small band of Christian heroes, penetrated these wilds to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel. Two years after, he was followed by Father James Marquette, a noble man, whose name will never die.

Marquette established a mission about forty miles below the Falls of St. Mary, at a point on the mainland, which he named St. Ignatius, just north of the Island of Mackinaw. Here he gathered a little band of loving disciples. His gentle and devoted spirit won, not merely the friendship of the Indians, but their ardent affections. He was just as safe among them as the most beloved father surrounded by his children. Three years this good man remained in these lonely wilds, peacefully and successfully teaching these benighted children of the forest salvation through an atoning Savior.

During all this time his mind had been much exercised with the thought of exploring the limitless and unknown regions south and west.

He had heard rumors of the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, and his devout mind peopled the vast realms through which it flowed with the lost children of God, whom he perhaps might reclaim through the gospel of Jesus, who had come from heaven for their redemption. The Governor of Canada was desirous, for more worldly reasons, of exploring these regions, where future empires might be reared.

In the spring of 1673, the Governor of Canada sent M. Joliet, a gentleman of Quebec, with five boatmen, to Point St. Ignatius, to take Marquette and set out in search of that much-talked-of riv-

The Dear-Plantes' Home-mail.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1875.

NUMBER 51.

er. On the 13th of May this little band of seven men, in two birch canoes, commenced their adventurous voyage. They took with them some Indian corn and jerked meat, but were to live mainly upon such food as they could obtain by the way.

On the northwest of Lake Michigan there is a sheet of water running south called Green Bay. It is one hundred miles long by twenty or thirty broad. The boatmen paddled their frail canoes along the western border of this lake until they reached its southern extremity, where they found a shallow river flowing into it from the south, which they called Fox river. They could propel their canoes about thirty miles a day. Each night they selected some propitious spot for their encampment. Upon some dry and grassy mound they could speedily with their axes construct a hut which would protect them from the weather. Carefully smoothing down the floor, they spread over it their ample couch of furs. Fish could be taken in abundance. The forest was filled with game. An immense fire blazing before the open side of the hut gave warmth and illuminated the sublime scene which now opened before them. Here bold bluffs, hundreds of feet high, jutting into the river. Here were crags of stupendous size and of every variety of form, often reminding one of Europe's most picturesque streams, where

effects across the portage. "We were then left," writes Marquette, "alone in that unknown country in the hand of God."

Our voyagers found the stream hard to navigate. It was full of sandbars and shallows. There were many islands covered with the richest verdure. At times they came upon landscapes of enchanting beauty, with lawns and parks and lakes, as if arranged by the most careful hands of art. Down this stream they floated, day after day, encamping upon its banks at night, until on the 19th of June, "with a joy that I cannot express," they entered the broad, deep, rapid current of the majestic Mississippi.

Easily they could be swept down by the rapid current into the sublime unexplored solitudes below. But to paddle back against the swift rolling tide would try the muscles of the hardest men. Still the voyagers pressed on. It was indeed a fairy scene which now opened before them. Here bold bluffs, hundreds of feet high, jutting into the river. Here were crags of stupendous size and of every variety of form, often reminding one of Europe's most picturesque streams, where

"The castled crags of Drachenfels, Frown o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

Again the prairie would spread out its ocean-like expanse, embellished with groves, garlanded with flowers of gorgeous colors, waving in the summer breeze, checkered with sunshine and the shade of passing clouds, with roving herds of the stately buffalo, and the graceful antelope. And again the gloomy forest would appear, extending over countless leagues, where bears, wolves, and panthers found a congenial home.

Having descended the river nearly two hundred miles they came to an Indian trail, leading back into the country. It was so well trodden as to give evidence that a powerful tribe was near. It

was indeed a malignant demon there, who, if you escape all other dangers, will cause the waters to boil and whirl around you and destroy you."

To all this the good Marquette replied, "I thank you, dear friends, for your kind advice, but I cannot follow it. There are souls to save, for whom the Son of God came to earth and died. Their salvation is at stake. I would joyfully lay down my life if I could guide them to the Saviour."

They found the navigation of Fox river impeded with many rapids. To surmount these it was necessary often to alight from their canoes, and, wading over the rough and sharp stones, to drag them up against the swift current. They were within the limits of the present State of Wisconsin, and found themselves in a region of lakes, sluggish streams and marshes. But there were Indian trails, which had been trodden for uncounted generations, leading West. These they followed, often painfully carrying their canoes and their burdens on their shoulders, for many miles, from water to water, over what the Indians called the Carrying Places.

At length they entered a region of remarkable luxuriance, fertility and beauty. There were crystal streams and charming lakes. Magnificent forests were interspersed with broad and green prairies. God seemed to have formed in these remote realms an Eden of surpassing loveliness for the abode of his children. Three tribes, in perfect harmony, occupied the region—the Miami, Mascoutins, and Kickapoos. There was a large village with abundant corn-fields around. River and lake, forest and prairie were alike alive with game.

To their surprise they found that a French missionary, Father Allouez, had reached this distant spot, preaching the gospel, eight years before. The Indians had received him with fraternal kindness. He had left in the center of the village a cross, the emblem of the crucified Son of God.

"I found," Marquette writes, "that these good people had swung skins and belts and bows and arrows on the cross, but they observed these important points, an offering to the Great Spirit, to thank him because he had taken pity on them during the winter and given them an abundant chase."

No white man had ever penetrated beyond this region. These simple, ingenuous people seemed greatly surprised that seven unarmed men should venture to press on to meet the unknown dangers of the wilderness beyond—wilds which their imaginations had peopled with all conceivable terrors.

They now turned back and laboriously reascended the majestic Mississippi, slowly forcing their way against the swift current. Their upward voyage was commenced the 17th of July, 1673. Instead of continuing their upward course to the Wisconsin river, they entered the Illinois river, and again reached Green Bay by way of Lake Michigan. They had been about two

months upon this voyage. During this time the devoted missionary had lost no opportunity of proclaiming to the Indians the Christian's God, and the way of salvation through faith in an atoning Savior.

Even then Marquette had no conception of the true grandeur of that valley he had entered, extending from the Alleghany ridges to the Rocky Mountains. Still, when the tidings of his wonderful discoveries reached Quebec, the exciting intelligence was received with the ringing of bells, with salvos of artillery, and most prominent and important of all, by nearly the whole population led by the clergy and other dignitaries of the place, going in procession to the cathedral where a Te Deum was sung in thanksgiving to God.

In Marquette's account of this voyage he writes, "Nowhere did we see such grounds, meadows, woods, stags, buffaloes, deer, wild cats, bustards, swans, ducks, paroquets and even beavers, as on the Illinois river."

By the earnest request of the Illinois Indians Marquette returned to them and continued with them, revered and beloved, preaching the gospel for two years. On the 18th of May, 1675, as he was ascending Lake Michigan, with his boatmen, he proposed landing, at the mouth of a small stream, for the celebration of mass. He left his men in the canoe, while he went a short distance into the solitude of the forest to pray. As some time passed and he did not return, they called to mind that he had said, before he left them, that he felt the hour of his death was near at hand. They went to seek him. He was lying upon a green mound, dead, with his hands folded as in prayer. The boatmen silently and sadly dug his grave, and left his mortal remains in the solitude of the forest on the banks of the stream which now bears the name of Marquette.

"Tis a glorious thing to die,
As dies the Christian with his armor on."

Care of Canary Birds.

Says a writer on canaries:—"In this way I answer the question of 'how I had such luck with birds.' Simply by allowing the birds to attend to their own affairs, and by letting them understand that their master would never harm them. Also by accustoming them to plenty of light and air and company, rather than as recommended in books, keep the cage in a dark room for fear of frightening the birds. Make just half the fuss directed in bird books over the matter, and you will have double the success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper they will eat; it is the best thing for them. And if your bird feels hoarse at any time, put a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, and see how near they saw to their surprise and delight, that the strangers were pale faces. Though none of them had ever before seen a white man, the knowledge of his arrival had spread through all the tribes. The French had pursued such a course of justice and friendliness with the Indians that wherever they went they were hospitably received.

One of these gentlemen of the barbarian school, as he led the guests into his cabin, said, "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchman, when it shines upon you, as you come to visit us. Our whole village greets you with a welcome. You shall find a home in all our dwellings."

The strangers were entertained with the utmost hospitality. As they were about to take their leave, a venerable chief approached Marquette and suspended, by a cord, a richly decorated pipe at his neck and said:

"This is the sacred calumet. It signifies that wherever you bear it you are the messengers of peace. All our tribes will respect it, and will protect you from every harm."

We cannot record this friendly reception without emotion. How beautiful is peace! How different would the history of this world have been but for man's inhumanity to man. On reaching their boats the little band of voyagers continued their journeying down the lonely and silent river. They floated beyond the mouths of the turbid Missouri and the beautiful Ohio. Carefully they observed these important points, but they made no attempt to explore either of these streams. The Ohio was a large village with abundant corn-fields around. River and lake, forest and prairie were alike alive with game.

To their surprise they found that a French missionary, Father Allouez, had reached this distant spot, preaching the gospel, eight years before. The Indians had received him with fraternal kindness. He had left in the center of the village a cross, the emblem of the crucified Son of God.

"I found," Marquette writes, "that these good people had swung skins and belts and bows and arrows on the cross, but they observed these important points, an offering to the Great Spirit, to thank him because he had taken pity on them during the winter and given them an abundant chase."

Still they floated on, several hundred miles further, until they reached the mouth of the Arkansas. Here again they found a large Indian village. They were received by the natives with the same hospitality which had marked their intercourse with the Indians during the whole of their route.

They now turned back and laboriously reascended the majestic Mississippi, slowly forcing their way against the swift current. Their upward voyage was commenced the 17th of July, 1673. Instead of continuing their upward course to the Wisconsin river, they entered the Illinois river, and again reached Green Bay by way of Lake Michigan. They had been about two

Wonders of the Microscope.

The other day a Detroit father purchased a microscope for his son, a boy of ten, patted the lad on the shoulder, and said to him:

"My son, take this microscope and go out and study the beauties of nature."

The boy left all other amusements for that, and he took such great interest, and improved so rapidly, that at the tea-table, to which several visitors sat down with the family, he felt that he must make some remarks. Turning to one of the young ladies he inquired :

"Did you ever look at cheese through a microscope?"

"I don't think I ever did," she pleasantly replied.

"Well, you just ought to see the things crawl—"

"John! John!" exclaimed the father, shaking his head at the boy across the table.

John subsided for a minute or two, and when his mother passed the cheese around, everybody said, "thank you, no." Pretty soon the young student, desiring to mollify his father, asked:

"Father, did you ever look at a toad through a microscope?"

"I will talk with you after supper," replied the parent, scowling at the boy.

John was rather disappointed at his failure to arouse enthusiasm, and just as the strawberries were being passed around he remarked:

"Well, you just ought to look at a strawberry once through the microscope! They look just like warts, they do, and you think you see bugs running—"

"Jawn!" said his father.

"Well, they look wos'n flies' heads!" protested the boy, who imagined that they doubted his veracity, "for flies—"

"Boy—" said the father, making a motion for John to leave the table.

John left, and as soon as it was convenient for him to do so the father escorted the lad to the washroom in the basement, bounded him around and said:

"My son, gimme that microscope, and you take the ax and go out and study the beauties of that woodpile!"

If the boy continues to feel the way he does at present he will become a bank robber instead of a naturalist.—Detroit Free Press.

"I Wish I Had Capital."

We do not know the author of the following, but he preaches one of the best practical business sermons to young men that we have read this many a day:

"I wish I had capital." So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in our office. "We did want to tell him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him. You want a capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? Haven't you got hands and feet and muscle and bone and brains? And don't you call them capital? What oh, they are not money," you say.

But they are more than money, and no one can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plough or hoe or jack-plane or broad-ax that you can find and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Ay, there's the rub. You don't want to work; you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or want to marry some rich girl, who may be foolish enough to marry you for your good looks and that she may support you.

Shame on you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money on what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million dollars in money.

If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste it.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for some one to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you may be sure to have it done. The professional gentlemen above referred to had a dozen birds in a cage, and while out of town on business five of them were killed in this way, after the water and food were used up. Rape and canary seed is the standard food for canaries.

During the present "corner" in canary seed, the economical will give their pets a mixture of rape and millet seed. A half peck of rape costs seventy-five cents, and an equal quantity of millet thirty-one; this is nearly equal to mixed canary seed, and costs a small fraction over thirteen cents a quart. A half peck of canary seed, costing \$1.25, may be added, making a mixed food equal to what retails for forty cents, and which will cost less than twenty cents a quart.

An exchange says that amid the general reduction of wages in these times, there is one thing whose wages are not in the least reduced, and that is sin.

All that a hard-up man wants is to be let a loan.

Literary Notices.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW—for January will open with an able review of the political situation on the Continent, with reference to Turkey and the Herzegovinan question, from high authority in Berlin.

A criticism upon Dr. Draper's book, the "History of the Conflict between Science and Religion," by Dr. E. A. Washburn, of Calvary church, New York.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes
of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, \$1.50
Club of ten, 1.25
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

52nd Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are also responsible for views and opinions expressed in communication.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Timely Notice.

Those who desire to renew their subscriptions to the JOURNAL, a large number of which will expire on or before New Years, will much oblige the publisher by sending in their names, accompanied by the cash, as early as convenient before the expiration of their present subscriptions.

This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering their names and mailing back numbers. At many times we fail to have a sufficient quantity of back numbers to send to every delinquent subscriber.

Merry Christmas!

With this number of the JOURNAL we greet our readers with a Merry Christmas. The season which commemorates the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, the Savior of the World, is near at hand. Rolling back the tide of time for eighteen hundred years to when Christ the Lord was born into the world, we find there the greatest event which has ever taken place in all the history of mankind—Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, appearing in the form of humanity, with the majestic power of Divinity, and suffering death, like a criminal, in order that whosoever believes on him may have eternal life. Here then is the origin of our Christmas joys. It becomes, therefore, a day to be joyfully commemorated. The custom of presenting tokens of love and esteem to our friends on the 25th of December, is highly suggestive of God's eternal gift of His only Son, to save the world from sin. And while we dispense rare presents among our friends, we should fully recognize the fact that all of our comforts and enjoyments are bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father who is the first and best friend of all mankind.

To the deaf and dumb the celebration of Christmas should be a doubly joyful event. One century back a deaf-mute in his unenlightened mind, could probably have conceived of no reason why the 25th should be assigned as a holiday in preference to the 24th or any other day of December. But now—thanks to the originators and founders of deaf-mute education—our people may observe this universal holiday with a full appreciation of the meaning of the happiness beaming upon the countenances of speaking people. Now they rejoice with their speaking and hearing friends on the anniversary of the birth of the Savior. With the rich and exalted, who glitter in wealth, it is often the case that the day presents to their worldly vision nothing worthy of serious reflection. To them it frequently proves simply a general fixed time for the exchange of rare and costly presents. How is it with the poor Christian who has but little to give and even less to expect in the form of worldly honor? Does he neglect the observance of this important event for that reason? Most assuredly he does not. Instead of disregarding it, he devoutly thanks his Creator for the events which give character and prominence to this great day of joy and hilarity. The true enjoyment of this holiday then does not depend so much upon how many and costly shall be the articles given or received, as it does in rejoicing and reverential thankfulness towards the great "Giver of every good and perfect gift," both spiritual and temporal. With a great many this year Christmas suppers and presents will be the exception rather than the rule. In these hard times, when there is such a scarcity of money and no work, suffering and starvation are knocking at many a poor man's door. The widows and fatherless will, during our long, cold Northern winter, often feel the pangs of hunger. While those who

fare sumptuously every day, are expending large sums of money for presents to bestow upon their wealthy friends and companions, it is sincerely to be hoped that they will not turn the cold shoulder of indifference towards their poor and famishing fellow beings. It is really not only a duty, but should be a pleasure, to give out of one's abundance something towards providing for the comfort of the worthy poor upon whom fortune is less lavish with her smiles. We venture the assertion that he who gives a sack of flour or draws a load of wood to some destitute deserving family, will partake of his own Christmas collation with a better relish, sleep sweeter and feel a deeper sense of true manhood than his worldly and visionary neighbor who despises his poverty-stricken citizens and invites his aristocratic friends to partake of his expensive feast. It is highly probable that there are among our deaf-mute people those who are struggling hard against adverse circumstances to keep their heads above water. All such friends should be kindly remembered by other deaf-mutes who have a little to expend on charitable objects. An act of kindness is sure to bring a certain reward. Let us who are deprived of part of our faculties, rejoice and be thankful on the occasion of the present Christmas festivities that we are in the enjoyment of so many blessings. Our readers and friends, we most joyously wish you one and all a happy and a merry Christmas.

Hurrah for the Deaf-mute Festival.

Preparations are already actively begun and will in due time be perfected, which will make the above forthcoming affair of the 29th inst., in all respects, satisfactory to its participants. Present indications are sufficiently encouraging for us to assert that the occasion promises to be one of the happiest and most enjoyable of the season for the deaf and dumb. Many eminent deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen and other prominent persons will honor the festival by their attendance.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is expected to be present on the occasion. Every prospect assures us that this festive occasion will be one of the most important, if not the best ever inaugurated by the deaf-mutes in this village. It will not be sectional in character; deaf-mutes and other friends from any part of the country will be cheerfully welcomed. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all deaf-mutes and other persons. Everything within the power of the managers will be done to entertain our friends. A generous supper will be provided, proper facilities for enjoyment and amusement afforded and no pains will be spared to make this entertainment a certain and decided success in every particular. Then come one, come all to the Mexico Deaf-mute Festival.

DEAF-MUTE SERVICE.—There will be services for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of Northern New York, in Trinity Church, Utica, on Thursday, Dec. 30th, at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Rev. Dr. Penell, Archdeacon of the Convocation of Ogdensburg, will be in attendance and act as interpreter. All deaf-mutes are cordially invited to be present.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

A postal from Mr. C. H. Cooper, dated Chicago Dec. 12th, stated that himself and wife would leave on the following Wednesday for Milwaukee, Wis., where they would spend a few days, and then proceed to Delevan in the same State. In a week or two they will resume their journey from the latter place to Faribault, Minn. He thinks they may also go from there to Jacksonville, Ill. He adds, send the JOURNAL to Faribault. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are enjoying their winter journey very much, but among all their friends they do not forget their old friend, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The annual election of officers of the Sunnyside Social Club of Brooklyn, takes place on the 25th of March next.

Louis Voorhees' friends will be glad to hear that he has obtained a situation as copyist in Messrs. F. B., H. K., and A. D. Thurber & Co.'s wholesale and retail grocery, corner of West Broadway, Reade and Hudson streets, N. Y. The writer thinks the above firm is the one that supply the provisions, etc., to the N. Y. Institution.

Which was the greatest man, Duke of Wellington, or Napoleon I?" is the question to be discussed this (Thursday) evening by four members of the Manhattan Deaf-mutes' Literary Association.

Before your lungs begin to fester, stop the cough that may otherwise destroy you, with HALE'S HONEY OF HOHNEOTND AND TAR.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The ladies of Grace Church have won the enviable reputation of getting up first class entertainments, and we think the one to be given to-night will be no exception in respect to excellence. Let all who desire to spend an evening pleasantly, and to have the feeling that in so doing they are helping in a good cause, attend the entertainment at Elmire Hall this (Wednesday) evening.

Visit of the Lieutenant-Governor to the Belleville Institution for Deaf-mutes.

We make the following extracts from the Toronto Mail, just received:

On the twentieth of October last, his Honor Donald A. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario, visited Belleville for the purpose of inspecting the Deaf and Dumb Institution. His presence in that city was greeted by the enthusiastic people with becoming warmth-heartedness. Flags were displayed from public and private buildings, and his Honor was welcomed by an address from the mayor of the city. The following is a copy of the mayor's address:

To the Honorable Donald A. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario:

SIR:—The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Belleville, on behalf of the inhabitants, beg to tender your Honor a warm and hearty welcome on this occasion of your first visit to our town since your Honor's elevation to the high and responsible position of Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, and we at the same time offer our congratulations to your Honor upon your ascention to that dignity, trusting that during your term of office, acting under the guidance of Divine Providence, you may, by good counsel, and aided by a wise system of legislation, succeed in promoting the prosperity and happiness of all classes of her Majesty's subjects who enjoy the advantages of your protection.

In order to give some idea of the mode of imparting instruction to the pupils, several exercises were gone through. Two girls and a boy, who entered the institute on the 1st of September, were called up. On being shown a hat the girls wrote the name correctly upon the blackboard; the boy spelled it "at." A coat was pointed out; the boy spelled the word correctly, but the girls did not. These were illustrations of object teaching. The children were next required to spell different objects upon their fingers. They could not spell "pocket-handkerchief," but were taught to do so before leaving. These pupils could neither read by the fingers nor write when they entered the institute. Several others were called up to show what could be done in teaching them the properties of objects, and the nature of verbs. It was explained that as early as possible they are taken out of the beaten track and are taught to think for themselves, and to express their impressions in writing. Thus: Mr. Langmuir looked at his watch. Dr. Palmer with his fingers told three or four pupils to explain on the blackboard what they saw. One of them wrote, "Mr. Langmuir opened his watch and he looked at it"; another wrote, "Mr. Langmuir looked at his watch, which was gold"; while a third stated that "Mr. Langmuir took a watch out of his pocket, and it was gold." These pupils were in their third year. Several semi-mutes, of whom there are twenty-one, were next examined. One young man, of very intelligent appearance, has been in the institute three years, having lost his hearing when he was about ten years of age. He could just be understood in words of one or two syllables. The sounds seemed to be thrown out of the chest. Great difficulty is experienced in preventing the total loss of the power of articulation. Three deaf-mutes gave exercises in composition on subjects being given them by the finger alphabet. One boy showed a good knowledge of English and Canadian history. He gained the Governor-General's medal for general proficiency. Upon being desired to do so, Mr. Green, one of the teachers, and himself a deaf-mute, described in sign language the scene of Christ stilling the tempest. The effect was highly realistic, and, as was remarked, strikingly showed the eloquent power of signs when skilfully used. Mr. Watson, another teacher, (not a deaf-mute however) then led the pupils in going through the Lord's Prayer in sign. It is nearly impossible to conceive anything more touching than the act of thus praying by gestures. It will be perceived that deaf-mutes have two languages—that of sign and that of finger alphabet. Of course the former can only be learned to express general ideas. It is an extension of the movements commonly used in elocution, with the addition of arbitrary signs which are easily learned.

His Honor addressed the students, Mr. Watson acting as translator. His Honor expressed the great pleasure he felt in observing their rapid advancement and proficiency. He assured them that he entertained the most kindly feelings towards them, and said he would be glad if they would consider him their protector. He felt their affliction very keenly, but it being by the providence of God they must submit to it. He then stated that a few days ago he had visited the Brantford Blind Asylum, which he found, as he did the present institution, well managed. He felt confident that they would join with him in thanking the Government for establishing the institution. It would be to him at all times not only a pleasure but a duty to make their home as happy as it possibly could be. As soon as he could he would again visit them.

At the conclusion of his Honor's remarks the children clapped their hands, and a little dog joined in the chorus by barking as loudly as he could.

The visitors were then shown all over the buildings by Dr. Palmer and Prof. McGann.

We give the following particulars of this interesting institution. It opened five years ago to-day with seven pupils, which increased to seventy at close of the 1st term; 149 at close of 2nd term; 193 at close of 3rd term; and 210 at close of 4th term; and now, a few weeks after the opening of the 5th term there are 204 pupils, and a large number of applications are on file. His Honor remarked that the institution had fully as many as it could accommodate. These figures show a gradual increase which will in short time necessitate additional accommodation being provided. On the 29th of Jan., 1873, Lieut.-Gov. Howland and a large number of members of the

Legislation visited the institution. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin were present on the 6th of September, 1874, and very kindly gave two medals to be competed for annually.

At the present time ten teachers, three

of them ladies, are employed. One of the teachers devotes an hour each day to the instruction of a class of semi-mutes in articulation. The success in this department is so gratifying that it is considered advisable to employ another teacher who will give his whole time to the class. Plain and ornamental needlework is taught the girls. There is a drawing master, and some very creditable specimens were shown. In the cabinet and carpenter's shop twenty-five boys are at work, three hours each day; and forty boys give the same time in the shoe shop. Great skill and application are displayed in both departments. Several hundred pairs of shoes, we believe, were turned out last year, and distributed to the public institutions of the Province. The carpenter shop, while yielding no direct revenue, has kept up the necessary repairs and erected several out-buildings, the chief of which is the new gymnasium, 70x26 feet including a bowling alley. Two years ago we had the pleasure of visiting the institution, and we notice a great many improvements since then. There are several additional lavatories, by which arrangement the small pupils are separated from the others. In connection with the institution is a farm of some fifty-eight acres in cultivation, including a two-acre garden. The buildings and farm altogether occupy an area of about eighty-six acres. We might add in addition that the institution is one of the best governed in America. Dr. Palmer, the Principal, is a fine specimen of a Southern gentleman. He is enthusiastic in his profession, kind to his pupils, of a well-cultivated mind, recognizing that order is the first law of nature. All visitors can depend upon a courteous and generous reception. The Principal's efforts are most ably seconded by the assistants.

Hobby Riding.

The largely increased attendance at the second lecture of the course clearly evinced the high estimation in which Dr. Holland is held. Few, if any authors, find to-day a wider circle of readers. None, we are sure, is more deserving. As a rule the conclusion that a man is a fascinating speaker because he is an entertaining writer, does not follow. In the case of Dr. Holland it certainly does. If he is himself a hobby rider, he is able to ride more than one at a time, and ride them with equal grace and power. Possessed of commanding presence and a voice under perfect control—two requisites of an orator—he impresses his listeners favorably at once. His enunciation is clear and distinct; his gestures apt and graceful; his bearing and demeanor those of the complete gentleman and man of culture. His diction, as always, is varied and pure; his style captivating; his manner of delivery, pleasing.

The theme "specialties" afforded ample room for the best display of his powers. Beginning with the Englishman's first question to a new acquaintance, "What is his hobby?" the speaker briefly traced the rapid growth of literature, art and science within the past few years, and spoke of the impossibility of our mastering every field of inquiry. Every science has progressed with startling rapidity; every department of literature has grown immeasurably. Speculation has overleaped investigation, new theories are constantly propounded until now the man who attempts to follow all, soon finds himself in a maze. From this cause specialties become the effect. No human mind can grasp all, and hence men aim at perfection in some one department. The specialist then becomes a necessity. One science thoroughly learned makes a man valuable to himself and to mankind; half knowledge is no knowledge at all. Among true scholars the specialist is always the leader. We come to regard all our favorites as specialists and ignore their efforts in other directions. Goethe's great in science is known only as the poet. Sir Philip Sidney as the courtier. Thackeray and Dickens were both poets, but we know them only as novelists. Coleridge was a theologian: Milton was a statesman, and were our own Emerson less a philosopher he would be known as our greatest poet. Ruskin is a specialist in art; when he writes a treatise on politics the world is amazed.

Referring to specialties in medicine and surgery the speaker said: "Go into the Springfield Armory, and you see men at work, not on rifles, but on parts of rifles. Perhaps no one of them can make an entire gun; but each by making a specialty of his department, perfects his skill. The result is the best rifle the world affords. If then, to make a perfect gun requires the best skill of twenty-five men, how utterly impossible is it for one man to thoroughly master the delicate mechanism of the human frame. So, too, there are specialties in the law—the marine, patent, criminal, and real estate lawyers—the advocates. So too are there specialties in education, in the trades and all the callings of life."

Next was traced the effect of specialties upon character—the necessity of manhood as an accompaniment—not allowing our specialties to stifle all other faculties. Rubenstein is as thorough a master of conversation as of the piano; as much at home in the drawing room as in a concert. The speaker then alluded to the effect of specialties if wrongly pursued—a mark is left upon the one who abuses them: if the ink mark is not apparent at a glance, the water lines plainly show when the paper is held in the light. This class of specialists become hobby riders: mind and body are given up solely to one idea; no attention is bestowed upon any other faculty. The man who pleads abest before our highest courts of justice, may break down at the dinner table like a child. The hobby may soon

descend into a rocking horse, which urge it hard as we may, never stirs from its track.

What, then, are the barriers to be placed between specialties and hobbies?

Two—knowledge and culture. Knowledge is built on facts. Culture is built on thoughts. Possession of the one does not imply possession of the other. It was not science but culture which gave us the Hugh Miller whom we reverently love. Not culture but science gave us John Stuart Mill, for whom we may entertain admiration but not affection. A fact is a dead thing. We may bury it: it will never spring up. A thought is vital. We may plant it: it will germinate and bear fruitful growths. Rufus Choate is known as an eminent lawyer, but culture gave him his eminence. A constant study of classics and poetry helped him to develop his specialty. The dead Webster and the living Evarts attained their positions by culture. Gladstone, Disraeli, Thiers, Guizot, all are examples of the effect of culture.

The means and modes of culture are the cultivation of the heart, the reasoning faculties, the imagination, the taste. But even these may become selfish pursuits if not grounded on cultivation of the heart. This is the background on which all the others must be painted: there are several additional lavatories, by which arrangement the small pupils are separated from the others. In connection with the institution is a farm of some fifty-eight acres in cultivation, including a two-acre garden. The buildings and farm altogether occupy an area of about eighty-six acres. We might add in addition that the institution is one of the best governed in America. Dr. Palmer, the Principal, is a fine specimen of a Southern gentleman. He is enthusiastic in his profession, kind to his pupils, of a well-cultivated mind, recognizing that order is the first law of nature. All visitors can depend upon a courteous and generous reception. The Principal's efforts are most ably seconded by the assistants.

In conclusion, Dr. Holland paid a glowing tribute to woman, "the hope of the world." There are, he said, two departments of life, each distinct from the other—"getting a living" and "living." The former is for man, the latter is for woman. "If" said the speaker, "I were to choose a figure by which to illustrate the sexes, I would select a tree growing with the growth of centuries." Man would be the roots, striking deep into the soil, gaining nourishment and sustenance from the earth. Woman would be the leaves, drawing strength and beauty from the sunshine, dew and air of heaven. If the roots decay, the leaves will wither; if the leaves perish, the roots will die. One cannot live without the other, and may a thousand maladies rest on him or her who should try to separate them, and girdle that tree.

The inevitable half hour which the early "lecture-goers" must always spend, was most agreeably occupied in listening to selections played by Mrs. Parker, who again kindly presided at the organ.

HASTINGS.

Thursday, Dec. 16, 1875, was a day long to be remembered in District No. 6, (better known as Carley's Mills), Hastings, for on that day the people of the neighborhood and vicinity assembled to witness the dedication of one of the most beautiful school-houses in this region. The house was literally filled to overflowing; "old men and matrons, young men and maidens," and the bright-faced little children, coming to look upon a work of which they are justly proud.

After the opening services, Hon. Harvey Palmer addressed the audience, many of them his personal friends and neighbors, giving a very interesting account of the early days and inhabitants of the School District. The first school-house was built of logs, and the first teacher therein a man of fine ability and learning, received the magnificent sum of eight dollars per month and boarded himself!

The summer teacher, a Miss Price, received for her faithful services, six shillings per week, and she boarded round. The contrast between those days and the present was finely illustrated, and Mr. Palmer's kindly tribute to those

"Friends and neighbors gone before
To that unknown and silent shore."

And his earnest advice to the young, who

New York Notes.

Wednesday, the 17th of November, was a bright and cold, but rather windy day. On this day a fair was held at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes in the city. Your correspondent was out of town, but from what we have heard, we judge that there was a good sale of fancy articles and other things. We understand that the sum netted by this sale was between six and seven hundred dollars. If it is so much, it will be a great help to the Home in more ways than one. A large number of deaf-mutes were at the fair, and among them were Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet and their children.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells are the happy parents of a fine little daughter. Their many friends will be glad to hear of this, especially those in Texas.

A deaf-mute couple were married lately; the bride is fifty-two years of age and the groom forty-nine. This lady says that she went to South America with a company many years ago when she was a young woman. She has often told her deaf-mute friends that she has been over the Andes Mountains.

Mr. W. G. Harrison, a cooper by trade, has been so disabled that he has been out of work for several weeks past. He is suffering with an inflamed arm; he was recently removed to the Roosevelt Hospital in the city, where, we think, he will receive the best of care and hope he will soon recover the full use of his arm. He has a deaf-mute brother and sister, one in Wisconsin and the other in California.

The holidays are very near at hand and a new year will soon be ushered in. We heartily wish all the readers of the JOURNAL a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The JOURNAL has bravely struggled on over many obstacles until now; at the close of the year we find it a live paper, true to its friends and true to itself. A certain distinguished semi-mute editor says of the JOURNAL that it is the best paper for the deaf and dumb now published. Every well-educated deaf-mute who wants a paper of his or her own should subscribe for the JOURNAL now. Let all contribute to its columns, who have anything of interest to write.

L. A. W.

Clifton, S. I., Dec. 10, 1875.

Notes from Salem, Mass.

On Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 25th, the deaf-mutes of Salem, and quite a number from other places—making a large party—assembled at the residence of Mr. Philo W. Packard, where a good variety of games had been provided for their entertainment, and also a number of very interesting tableaux—an article for which Mr. Packard is famous, and has every facility for getting up. In the course of the evening, a marriage ceremony was performed, (in sport, of course,) the bride and groom being Miss Lizzie Lake, of Lowell, and Mr. Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem. The marriage service of the Episcopal Church was read by Mr. Packard, dressed in full canonicals. All the persons sustained their parts well. After the ceremony, the usual congratulations were exchanged, and a number of useful articles, mostly kitchen utensils, were presented to the newly married couple. The farce was even carried to the extent of bringing in a baby, and presenting it to the bride as her own. This excited much merriment, but was generally considered as a premature presentation. The enjoyment of the occasion was prolonged until a late hour. In the end, one of the parties confessed that they wished the ceremony had been real. As an engagement exists between Miss Lake and Mr. Chapman, we may hope for a speedy realization of the wish.

Mr. Packard was obliged, two weeks ago, to consult a physician in regard to a trouble in his chest, and has been forbidden to lecture, preach, or otherwise exert himself, and ordered to be very careful. As Mr. Packard has always been very energetic and useful to the deaf-mutes in his vicinity and elsewhere, this enforced idleness will be felt much and Mr. Packard will be missed. We hope that, by due care, the trouble, which has been growing for some time, will be cured, and Mr. Packard be able to resume his useful career.

The Salem Society of Deaf-mutes have a Bible class every Sunday forenoon, which has been under Mr. Packard's charge, and which he thinks he can continue to conduct, as it does not tax him like preaching and lecturing. The attention is quite large and regular, and the members are interested and ambitious. The society has Sabbath services in the afternoon, conducted by such deaf-mutes as are selected by the members. John Tillinghast, a semi-mute of acknowledged ability and much esteemed by all who know him, is expected to conduct the services here on Sunday, Dec. 19th. He has done much platform work among the mutes, and is a ready and fluent speaker; and, although this will be his first Sunday service, there can be no doubt that he will acquitted himself, in this, as in other exercises, with credit and benefit to those who attend. Mr. Tillinghast has never been in any institution for the deaf and dumb, as a pupil, and is consequently but little known beyond Boston and the sphere in which he moves at home; but it is safe to say that he will ultimately be known and welcomed in all intelligent circles of our class.

On Friday evening, Dec. 10th, the mutes of Salem, by invitation, went to Beverly, a couple of miles, and spent a pleasant social evening at the house of Mr. S. S. Cross, a fellow-mute. It was an occasion of profit and enjoyment.

CORRECTION.—In the JOURNAL of Dec. 9th, the Itemizer gives the residence of Mr. Wm. Bailey as Salem; it should have been Marblehead. Otherwise, the paragraph is correct.

RICHARD.

Boston Notes.

The Boston Deaf-mute Library Association have arranged for a course of lectures for the winter. The first lecture of the course was delivered on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st, by Mr. P. W. Packard, of Salem. His subject was—"Things not worth trying." We have particularized, but from what we know of Mr. Packard, we doubt not that he treated his subject in an effective manner. SOLO.

The Central New York Institution.

Nature has been very frugal with her snow this month, giving us only inches where we were wont to have feet. Still we have no sleighing; on the city streets it is tolerable as any owner of a horse and cutter does not hesitate to affirm; but in the country the farmers have spoiled everything with their everlasting lumber wagons.

The uneducated young lady of twenty-three, of whom I spoke some time ago, has come and is getting along well. It is not a pleasant sight to see her laboriously forming her *That is a hat, That is a slate, &c.*, when in the present nature of things she ought to be able to write, read and converse intelligently. Still we are very glad she is with us, and were happy to assure her friends, when they came with anxious inquiries that

Is it too late? Ah, nothing is too late, Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

You have not seen the published proceedings of the Oneida County Board of Supervisors, have you? Early in their session they passed a resolution that all Oneida county pupils in the New York Institution, be transferred to Rome as soon as possible. They have not come yet, will let you know when they do.

A good many things have appeared of late, all going to show the necessity of this Institution. It would be too long a story to detail everything, and some things are much better left unsaid now. In brief, however, the successful establishment of the school, seems to have received a good many "beautiful ideas," strongly expressed in prose and verse in their day, but in time consigned to convenient oblivion, only to be dug up and acted upon by parties other than their originators.

The first painting from our artistic pupils' brush has made its appearance, and is a very creditable specimen. It is a copy of a chromo, brace of dead ducks, and is the work of a boy who, it is safe to say, will have nothing more to do with dead ducks, the jokes and play on the work being a little too much for his equilibrium. He was noticed gazing wistfully on a fine chromo of a donkey, but I guess his next efforts will be spent on a less dangerous joke tempting picture.

We think most of our pupils will go home for Christmas and New Years, assuring a little vacation all around. Mrs. C. P. Johnson has gone home for the holidays; the rest of us stay behind for the present.

C. S. M.

West Virginia Notes.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Dec. 14th, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In response to an invitation of the 13th ult., from the Committees on Finance and on Humane Institutions, of the West Virginia Legislature, twenty of the pupils and four of the teachers together with the principal of the Institution located at this place, left here on Wednesday, the 8th inst., for Wheeling, the present capital of the State, for the purpose of giving an exhibition before the Legislature. Your correspondent accompanied the party. On Thursday evening the exhibition took place at the Opera House in Wheeling, and was attended by all the house could accommodate.

Without taking up the programme in detail, I will give you a short synopsis of the exercises of the deaf and dumb. The five classes of deaf-mutes each sent two representatives.

The first class, under the instruction of Mr. H. Chidester, was represented by Master Harry Marsh, of Wheeling, and Miss Ella Show of Berkeley county. Both of these little children acquitted themselves with great credit both to themselves and their instructor.

The second class, under Miss L. M. Kern, was represented by Misses Sallie Osborne, of Wheeling, and Mary J. Stickley, of Hardy county. Miss Kern was present at the exhibition and her class did remarkably well for the time its members had been at school, which, I believe, is a little over one year. Miss K. made various signs, and these little girls turned to the slates and described them with wonderful facility.

The third class, represented by Miss Fannie Orr, of Brooke Co., and Master Samuel Fox, of Braxton Co., was exhibited by the Principal; Mr. Chapin, its instructor, not being present. Mr. Chapin is a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, and his class displayed his worth as an instructor of the deaf and dumb.

The fourth class, represented by Misses Molie Pickens, of Barbour county, and Susan Fox, of Braxton Co., was exhibited by its instructor, R. G. Ferguson, M. A., who showed the Legislature and the people of Wheeling what can be accomplished by deaf-mutes in four years.

The fifth class, represented by Messrs. George Layton, of Monongalia county, and A. A. Correll, of Greenbrier Co., is under the instruction of O. D. Cooke, M. A., formerly teacher of the High Class in the New York Institution. Mr. C. was not present at the exhibition, but his worth as an instructor of the deaf and dumb, was conclusively shown by the acquirements of his class.

Master Layton wrote a sensible and elegantly composed address to the Governor and Legislature of the State, and the people of Wheeling, appealing to them to assist

the institution in its noble work. Master Correll drew a map of West Virginia, outlining the fifty-four counties which compose the State and naming each as called upon to do so.

Music by the blind pupils was interspersed through the whole programme, and the pupils in this department of instruction displayed marked progress. Their teacher, Mrs. Wilson, deserves special mention.

In the Literary Department for the Blind, under the charge of Prof. H. H. Johnson, a blind man himself, the pupils proved conclusively to the public that they were under efficient instruction and that they had profited thereby.

The Legislature and the people of Wheeling were well pleased with the exhibition, and wished Mr. Covell to give another, but he felt that it would be taking up time that should be occupied by the pupils in school, and so all returned to the institution on Saturday.

Your correspondent, though aware that he is becoming lengthy, cannot refrain from adding that the institution is in good hands. With such a principal and corps of teachers it cannot but stand in the foremost rank of similar institutions.

We intend to have a Christmas tree and a grand good time on the 25th.

Oregon Institution Notes.

This school is steadily advancing, has twenty-seven pupils, and two or three more are expected to arrive within a short time; and all are doing excellent work.

The bilious fever was very prevalent here last week, but seems to be abating now, as eight or nine have begun to be convalescent. One of them was in a dangerous condition, as life and death hung trembling in the balance, but I am told that she is a little better now.

Mrs. Alice Gray finding it desirable to remove her family to a private residence, tendered her resignation as matron; and Mrs. Cooper, the aunt of Susie Blair who is visiting here, takes her place. We think she will make an excellent matron.

Rev. P. S. Knight, our worthy principal, has bought for \$1,000 in gold coin, forty acres of land situated about one half-mile south of the railroad depot.

A large number of emigrants have arrived here lately and seem well pleased with this great fruit-raising country, and say that the severe winters of the East was the cause of their removing to this more evenly tempered climate.

I have received several letters from my deaf-mute friends in the East, making inquiries concerning the climate and farms in this country. Some of them may be readers of your JOURNAL, and so I will send the following items in relation to the subject, which I hope will satisfy them: Better come to Oregon, if you wish to escape cold weather. We have rain here from November to April, with the exception of February, and consequently mud during that period, and such a thing as a drought was never known. The climate is warm and agreeable. We will take the rain all the time in preference to being frozen to death. A country, in which overcoats and warm mittens are not needed; where cattle keep fat out doors all through the year, where grass is green and growing all winter and where there is never a failure in crops, is a good enough country for us. I will send circulars to any person who will send me his address.

Indiana Notes.

The JOURNAL reached us this time earlier than usual, that is it reached us before Sunday. We always look for it with almost as much anxiety as a letter from a friend made at the conventions. It soon became a petted doll by all and as ragged as a dog's sore ears.

There is a great revival meeting in the city, and hundreds of sinners are being converted daily. Good preachers are quite scarce here. I would suggest that the great preacher of Georgia, Ind., apply for a situation in one of the leading churches here. A \$6,000 salary is offered to a good man.

Deaf-mute papers have multiplied to such a number that I hardly know how many come. They arrive regularly and as thick as hail, and the reading table looks like carion surrounded by hungry buzzards. More papers and library books and magazines have been added. Among the deaf-mute papers the JOURNAL is the most popular. It is coming into the favor of both hearing persons and mutes, and I think we long it will have a large circulation in Indiana.

Christmas is nearly here, and the children are rejoicing over it. On telling a very young class of boys what "Christmas" meant, I was asked by some of very inquisitive minds if it was the same as our birthday, and I answered them in the affirmative.

The other day while a very bright boy, who has always been deaf, was composing sentences with the word "lay" for the element he wrote that whales lay oysters like a hen does an egg. He asked at what time whales laid oysters, to which his teacher replied that he did not know as he was never at sea, and would write to some eastern man for information in regard to the production of oysters.

Will some one tell us how oysters come into existence for that little boy's sake?

A CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, Dec. 14, 1875.

Orlando Greenfield, of Orwell, has been indicted for murder in the first degree, charged with the murder of his wife in October. It is probable that he will be tried at the January Oyer and Terminer at Oswego.

Religious services are being held in the town of Granby.

Oratorio of Belshazzar's Feast or the Fall of Babylon.

This magnificent Oratorio, will be given in the M. E. Church in this place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 28th and 29th, under the Directorship of Mr. Lewis Miller. The music is of a very high order, and requires a great amount of study for its proper production. Much time and pains are being given to it with the purpose and expectation of making it the finest musical performance ever given to this community. The public are already greatly indebted to Mr. Miller for several very fine entertainments. He undertakes this with his usual enthusiasm, with Excelsior as his motto. This Oratorio promises to excel in beauty and thrilling interest.

The Legislature and the people of Wheeling were well pleased with the exhibition, and wished Mr. Covell to give another, but he felt that it would be taking up time that should be occupied by the pupils in school, and so all returned to the institution on Saturday.

In the Literary Department for the Blind, under the charge of Prof. H. H. Johnson, a blind man himself, the pupils proved conclusively to the public that they were under efficient instruction and that they had profited thereby.

The Legislature and the people of Wheeling were well pleased with the exhibition, and wished Mr. Covell to give another, but he felt that it would be taking up time that should be occupied by the pupils in school, and so all returned to the institution on Saturday.

Sec. 1. No person shall kill or expose for sale or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock between July 15 and September 1, under penalty of \$50 for each bird.

Sec. 2. No person, company or corporation shall kill, or sell or expose for sale or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed any partridge between January 1 and October 1, under a penalty of \$25 for each bird.

Sec. 3. No person shall take any ruffed grouse in any other way than by shooting with ordinary fire-arms, under a penalty of \$25 for each bird.

Sec. 4. No person shall catch any speckled or brook trout, except in the main stream of Salmon river for three years from the 1st of April, 1876, under a penalty of \$25.

Sec. 5. No person shall catch any fish in any way except with hook, pole and line or line and hook, except in Sandy Creek pond, Neahawata lake, Oswego and Oneida rivers, under a penalty of \$50 for each offence.

Sec. 6. No person shall catch from any of the waters of Oswego county which have been stocked with fish of any kind, any such fish within three years after the stocking, nor expose for sale or have in his or her possession any such fish, under a penalty of \$50 for each offence.

Sec. 7. We recommend the public to read the portions of Bible History to which this Oratorio pertains.

Ancient and profane history informs us, "That which kindled God's wrath against Babylon, was (1st) her cruelty: 'I was willing,' said Jehovah, 'to punish my people like as a father chastiseth his children; and with a design to restore them as soon as they became more faithful, but Babylon was (2d) The sacrificial impiety of her king and her pride.' To the pride of his predecessors, Belshazzar added impiety that was peculiar to himself. Babylon said in her heart, I am the queen of nations.

Queen Nitocris is represented in history as good and amiable, though of a heathen nation.

The Jews were conquered and taken away from Palestine by Nebuchadrezzar, in the year 606 B. C., and at the time of the feast had been there about seventy years.

Cyrus, after besieging Babylon for some time, dug immense trenches around the city, and on one night, when a grand feast was in progress at the palace of Belshazzar, turned the waters of the Euphrates therein, and, with his army, entered the city by the former channel of the river, and slew Belshazzar. A few years afterwards the city was reduced to ruins. The Jews soon returned to Jerusalem.

The Scribe will read portions of Bible and other history explanatory of the different scenes.

The Oratorio is introduced with a national anthem of the Babylonians. The scenes in the Palace Hall.

SCENE 2d. The queen's apartment. The ladies of the court gaily sing "Brightly Gleaming," followed by a solo by the queen.

SCENE 3d. Jewish places of assembly, with Daniel and the Jews in convocation. This closes with a very impressive tableau.

SCENE 4th. The Fall of Babylon with Daniel and his companions in the watch tower.

SCENE 5th. The feast in the banquet hall of the palace in which appears the mysterious hand writing on the wall. It closes with the vain attempt of the Magi to interpret it.

For musical purposes a variation from historical correctness is allowed in.

SCENE 6th. Evening in the Jewish quarters, with Daniel and his companions imploring God's help for the interpretation. It is very touching and impressive.

SCENE 7th. Morning in the Jewish place of worship, resounding with a chorus of praise to God for answer to prayer.

SCENE 8th. The interpretation at the banquet hall. The king declares his trouble of spirit, is followed by a double chorus of Jews calling on God, and the Chaldeans calling on Baal. The queen tells the king of Daniel, who is introduced, and gives the interpretation. The king sings "Woe is me," and closes with a call for a continuance of the revels.

SCENE 9th. Night in the camp of Cyrus, about Babylon. An angel messenger of the Lord, aroused Cyrus and bids him to the destruction of Babylon.

A Remark about Marriage.

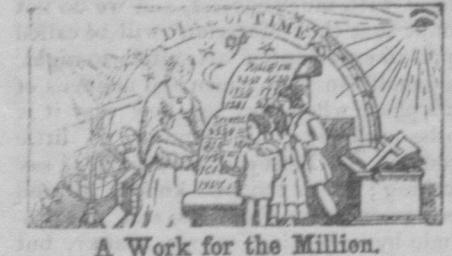
The wail and woe and struggle to undo marriage bonds in our day comes from this dissonance of more developed and more widely varying natures, and it shows that a large proportion of marriages have been contracted without any advised or rational effort to ascertain whether there was a reasonable foundation for a close and life-long intimacy. It would seem as if the arrangements and customs of modern society did everything that could be done to render such a previous knowledge impossible. Good sense would say that if men and women are to singe each other out, and bind themselves by a solemn oath, forsaking all others to cleave to each other as long as life should last, there ought to be, before taking vows of such gravity, the very best opportunity to become minutely acquainted with each other's dispositions and habits and modes of thought and action.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

THE WIDOW AND HER PIG.—“Patrick, the widow Maloney told me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?” “Yis, yer honor.” “What have you done with it?” “Killed it and ate it, your honor.” “Oh, Patrick, Patrick! when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of ‘stealing’?” “Did you say the pig would ‘be’ there, your reverence?” “To be sure I did.” “Well, then, yer reverence, I’ll say, ‘Mrs. Maloney, there’s yer pig.’”

“My son,” said a bland old gentleman to a little boy, “would you not like to come to Sunday-school to sing, and pray, and hear all about Moses and Aaron, and the whale, and the fiery furnace, Joseph’s coat of many colors, and put your pennies in the box?” “Be you going to have a Christmas tree?” asked the child. “No,” answered the old man; “but we are going to spend the money that would be spent for candles and oranges and candy in sending tracts to little heathen children in—” “That’ll do,” answered the rude boy, as he took a sight at the good man: “I don’t train with no such Sunday-school as that,” and he departed to stow a lost dog.

Postmaster-General Jewell is a humorous as well as an unusually polite official. He wrote as follows, recently, to a woman who had applied for a situation in the Dead Letter Office: “We have only fifty-seven ladies employed in this Department, with the exception of a few translators and experts, and not more than two changes have occurred in that force for the last six months, none of them ever marry, or die, or resign. In fact, the Dead Letter Division is a sort of mausoleum of buried affection—for those who enter its charmed portals seem to lose all the motives and hopes and aspirations which sway and govern the denizens of the outside world. I regret that it is so, but so it is.”

A north Carolina editor will dress his paper in mourning for \$10, if any one dies, and his liberal terms have endeared him to the hearts of a whole country.



A LARGE Chart illustrating RELIGION and SCIENCE, their agency and operation in the Fall and Restoration of Man (Society). A scientific delineation of history, based on Mathematics and the laws of cycles or circular time, and approximating to the probable date of the Millennium, and end of the first cycle of time. Accompanied by a Manual explanatory of the Chart, briefly demonstrating the truths thereon delineated; and enlarging upon the Twelve Axioms of History. To which is appended a brief Biography and the Character of the Author. A Chart and Manual printed on the best material. Price of Chart, beautifully colored, with Manual nicely bound. \$2.00. Mailed free on receipt of price. Address Mrs. Prof. F. A. Emery, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

This Chart is so original and unique that it must be seen to be appreciated.

His Biographer (Dr. Woodworth, Prof. in the University of Philadelphia) says: “These charts, with his books, are really remarkable productions, especially so for a SELF-EDUCATED MAN, and he has a most remarkable record of success in getting out from his numerous advantages; shut up, so to speak, within himself, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. They transcend anything known in the ‘silent world,’ and are unequalled by anything of the kind ever unsewed by anyone.”

Mailed free on receipt of price.

Address Mrs. Prof. F. A. Emery, Publisher,

Chicago, Ill.

<p